

Pullman Raid Nets Five More Knights

Raids by Oakland police on "knights of the road" who like to sleep in Pullman cars in local railroad yards continued today with five more hoboos due to face charges of trespassing in Municipal Court today.

Yesterday 25 vagrants were sentenced after all of them entered guilty pleas. Twelve of them began serving 10-day sentences in city prison today, and all of the others must serve County Jail sentences; five of them for 61 days, three for 90 days and one for 65 days.

Monday 37 were sentenced to similar terms in Municipal Court. The longer levies were meted out to those with "records." A total of 86 hoboos have been arrested in the current police drive for sleeping in idle Pullman cars.

Jail Here for 37 Knights of Road

TRIB B JAN 2 4 1950

Thirty-seven "knights of the road" began serving city and county jail terms today with 19 still to appear in Municipal Court to answer to charges of trespassing and vagrancy.

The 56 hobos were rounded up by Oakland police over the weekend in their "winter quarters"—Pullman cars standing on sidings in the Western Pacific yards.

Routed out from lower and upper berths the men were deposited in less palatial quarters in the City Jail, where they were booked for trespassing and vagrancy and held in lieu of \$500 bail.

Five more were picked up early this morning in the Southern Pacific yards.

All those appearing yesterday pleaded guilty. Those who had no previous records were sentenced to serve a 10-day sentence in the city jail. There were 34 of these. Two men with long records were levied 90-day county jail terms and three 65-day terms.

One man, a Mexican national, will be turned over to immigration authorities.

Police Lieut. Clyde Croswell said the hobo raids will continue until the "yards are cleaned out."

HOBOES' 'HOTEL' RAIDED; 56 GET ROOMS IN JAIL

TRIB D JAN 23 1950

Fifty-six hoboies with high class ideas were given the bum's rush into the City Jail over the week-end after police raided their special "Palm Springs" setup in the Western Pacific yards.

Moving into Pullman cars which had been shunted onto sidings, the professional transients had set up housekeeping in fine—if unsanitary—style, police said.

A Western Pacific special officer found the "resort" running full blast when he checked the cars Friday night. He ordered some 25 bums to pile out of uppers and lowers and to get on their way.

Instead, they warned him to leave—or else have his "throat cut."

The officer notified police, and early yesterday Sgts. Tom Chambers, Ted Brown and Joe Veretto swooped down on the Pullmans.

They found 17 bindle stiffs luxuriating in the cars, and gave them a free ride to the jail. Returning at 10 a.m., the officers picked up 14 more.

Last night, a new raid brought the total to 46. Ten more were picked up early this morning. All were booked as vagrants under \$500 bail.

The raids will continue, according to Lieut. Clyde Croswell, until the "yards are cleaned out."

BOX CAR COURT OF HOBO 'JUSTICE' ELUDES HIM HERE

TRIB D FEB 23 1938

"Chief Justice" Joseph Leon Lazarowitz' "kangaroo court" was inflicted with a bad case of the jumps yesterday. In fact it jumped so fast it eluded the presiding "magistrate" of the hoboes' court of America.

The "judge" said he had called the court into session in Oakland with the purpose of trying 55 offenders of the hobo code.

"Our findings," Lazarowitz said, "will be filed with the Oakland police, the Sheriff's office and the State police."

But the Oakland police didn't wait for the findings. They started out looking for the "court" with about as much success as the "chief justice."

JUNGLES VISITED

Squad cars visited the various hobo jungles extending along the Western Pacific and Southern Pacific tracks in East Oakland. There were plenty of the Knights of the Road cooking mulligan, washing clothes and waiting for the next "side-door pullman."

In old Pipe City the police found a number of Mexican Indians, itinerant vegetable workers. They never heard of Lazarowitz or his kangaroo court.

Along the tracks in the rear of the Oakland Auditorium police found fifty or more hoboes warming themselves by a fire in the old dump yard.

They also never heard of a kangaroo court outside of jail.

Farther east along the tracks were still more hoboes, vagrants and jungle inhabitants.

"JUDGE" IS FOUND

Likewise they disclaimed obedience to "Chief Justice" Lazarowitz and his court.

Then, after the police squad cars had given it up as a wild goose chase, the "chief justice" was seen walking alone along the tracks with the brief-case filled with "official" papers under his arm.

Four itinerants were seated in the shelter of an old freight station. The "chief justice" stopped to talk to them, opened his papers and started explaining about the court.

"Nertz," said one veteran of the

roads to His Honor Lazarowitz, "What are you, a reporter?"

"I'm head of the Rambling Hoboes of America," replied Lazarowitz.

"Well, I been on the road for more than 25 years," declared a weather-beaten oldster. "I knew Jeff Da and Dan O'Brien, but I never heard of you."

The "Chief justice" smiled, tucked his papers under his arm and started to move off.

"Maybe that's not such an idea," remarked Lazarowitz self. "I should have thought of a better one."

The last time Lazarowitz was in Oakland he was the self-styled "Chief Justice" of the Hoboes. Subsequently he made the front pages in many cities by announcing his intention of quitting the road and renouncing his "throne" and settling down to marry a girl whose home in Lazarowitz' stories shifted as often as his.

He grinned when reminded of his fast-changing fiancées.

"Anyway," he said. "I'm not a bigamist. I never married any of them."

Last night, in spite of the fact that police, reporters and the hoboes themselves hadn't been able to find the court, the good "Doctor" filed his "official findings" with Lt. Jack Thornbury of the Oakland police. Thornbury thanked him solemnly.

Fallon Street Hobo Camp Put to Torch by Police

TRIB D JAN 2 - 1935

Sledge-hammers, axes and fire-brands were brought into play by Oakland police today to level fifty "hobo shacks" at the foot of Fallon Street.

Forty itinerants who had been "camping" in the houses fashioned from cardboard and tin were sent on their way by Police Sergeant Michael O'Reilly and four officers, George Berner, Harvey Carmichael and Chet S. Norwood.

The police, aided by ~~trusties~~ from the city prison, ~~chopped and ham-~~

mered at the shacks and then set them afire. The camp has been in existence for three years.

Sergeant O'Reilly said free quarters for the men have been provided at the Federal shelter, Third and Jefferson Streets, but the men refuse to go there "because they are required to clean up."

The only shack remaining on the property after the police left was that of John Pearson, 634 Fallon Street, who uses it to store salvaged bricks, sheet metal and wood from a near-by dump.

Nine Jailed in Battle Royal At Hobo Camp

An argument over a blanket sent nine men to the City Jail today.

They weren't all trying to sleep under it, but they were all willing to join the fun when an argument over its possession began in the hobo jungle" at the foot of Fifth Avenue, police reported.

The blanket belonged to Joe Woodall, Negro. Joe accused Homer Keel of "snitching" it and offered to cut his heart out with a long, shiny knife, according to the way police got the story.

While Joe went about his cutting business, authorities said, Keel began with a 2 by 4 inch timber. Seven other itinerants joined in with fists, knives and other timbers, and the fight went hot and heavy until the arrival of a police posse headed by Lieutenant Ira F. Ready.

The police took Keel to the Highland Emergency Hospital to have a knife wound in his arm sewed up. Physicians there also looked over Woodall's head and pronounced him out of danger from two by four wounds.

The nine men held for investigation, beside Keel and Woodall, are: Joe Weideman, John Daley, George Strong, John Stone, Leon Pool and Elmer Black and N. Bobble, Negroes.

Faith, Pants \$2.50 Lost by Hobos' Friend

A good Samaritan, who bought the ingredients of a "mulligan stew" and several cans of denatured alcohol for two dwellers in a hobo jungle camp at the foot of Thirty-second Street, was rewarded with a beating at the hands of the men he befriended, police reported today.

After being beaten, he was robbed of his pants, shoes and hat, and \$2.50.

The Samaritan, Henry Matz, 1122 Mason Street, San Francisco, is at Highland Emergency Hospital with severe lacerations.

He told police he met the two hoboes near the camp and they suggested he buy the materials for a stew and the denatured alcohol.

After the three had eaten and imbibed, a quarrel started.

Matz was seen by residents of the neighborhood as he staggered around the jungle in his underwear.

Panhandler Asks for Warm Cell; Gets It for 15 Days

TRIB D DEC 15 1932

John Lloyd, 68, a farmer without a farm, who was arrested for panhandling on Oakland streets, asked Police Judge Howard L. Bacon for a Christmas present today and the judge gave him one.

The gift was fifteen days in the Oakland city prison.

Lloyd was picked up by Traffic Officer M. R. Hanson at Fourteenth and Harrison Streets as he

was soliciting pedestrians for funds.

"I haven't anywhere to go, judge," he told the court this morning. "My farm is gone, I have no money and the weather is cold. A nice Christmas present would be a warm cell for a few days."

The judge thought so too. So he sentenced Lloyd to fifteen days.

FORMER ARTIST HOLDS TO HOME BUILT OF JUNK

TRIB B — SEP 7 - 1932

Squatter Rests in His Own House of Odds and Ends; Faces Order to 'Move On'

Rent—nil. Taxes—nil. Income—small. Cost of living—practically nil—and his own boss.

It's a good way to live—if the police don't insist that the "hobo home" built by Joe Edwards, Negro, 54, on waste land at Wood and Thirty-second streets, be torn down, and its architect told to "move on" again.

Wood street ends just beyond Thirty-second, in a maze of railway and streetcar tracks. East of the road, there's a sandy, waste lot, hidden from the eyes of passersby. Edwards five months ago decided to "squat" a while and give his tired feet a rest from the roads he had tramped so many weary miles.

Edwards isn't a hobo. He's a working man, clever with his hands—doesn't drink—ready at any time to tackle any odd job that will turn him an honest dollar.

ONCE WAS ARTIST.

Years ago, he was an artist and cartoonist on a Negro newspaper, and drawing still is his hobby, but now he washes automobiles, cuts lawns, cleans windows—anything he can find.

He hunted around for odd pieces of scrap iron with which to make the frame of his house. Old automobile bodies provided him with the material. The sides he built of stout carton board from old cases. Scraps of tar paper provided the roof.

He found pieces of paving material with which he floored his home, and some smaller pieces, bedded in the sand, provided him a flagged pathway. An old striped cloth gave him an awning over his front window, and some straw matting went into floor coverings.

A junk pile yielded an ancient oil stove and some rusty stove-pipes. Soap-boxes provided shelves for his "pantry." He even found a mothproof cedar bag for his "spare clothes," and a stray kitten for his house pet.

From yards around vacant and derelict houses he culled flower roots, and these he planted around his home. With an old rake, he cleans up the sand around his abode, burning every piece of litter and debris.

HAS WATER SUPPLY.

A neighboring brickyard allows

ter and debris.

HAS WATER SUPPLY.

A neighboring brickyard allows him to draw water for washing and cooking, and his home, inside and out, is as spic and span as the most fastidious housewife could ask for.

There's a mascot, too, above the roof, an old sawdust-stuffed doll thrown out in a dustbin by some child who had grown tired of it.

Edwards is a native Californian. He has lived and worked in Oakland, off and on, the past 15 years. When times grew bad, and he fell behind with his board and room, he decided he'd better pull out and shift for himself. He has already paid back half of the bill he owes his former landlady.

But city regulations do not permit "squatters" on vacant lands in Oakland, and the order has gone forth that Edwards' little cottage, which he built with so much pride, must come down, and that he must once again be "moving on."

With him must go the few other squatters who, in less pretentious shelters than his, have lived vicariously as his neighbors during the past five months.

Edwards is the "daddy" of the area. He cannot prevent other wanderers from squatting near him, but he can and does insist that they behave themselves—and they do.

HIS NEAREST NEIGHBOR.

His nearest "neighbor" is E. S. Corning, who used to be a batteryman in Oakland, but has been working in the San Joaquin valley of late, at any job he could find.

"Red" Jackson and his pal, Bill Somers, also "casuals" at the camp, are marking time until promised jobs open up for them.

This afternoon the residents of the Wood street "jungle" were all packed up, ready for the police instruction to be on the move.

Edwards, however, is clinging to his little home to the last, hoping that he may be allowed to remain.

"I'm doing no harm. I'm creating no nuisance, and I'm not a charge on anybody," he declares, "and if they allow me to stay, I'll see that this place is kept the way you see it now—as neat and clean as any home in the city."

Police Clean Out 'Jungle,' Burn Debris

Hopes of hoboes that they might turn Sausal Creek, in the vicinity of East Fifteenth street and Twenty-ninth street, into a residential "jungle" were rudely shattered yesterday when a police posse swept through the area and gave 17 of the denizens orders to be "on their way."

The posse, under Officers E. H. McConnell and H. C. Pierce, overturned the crude shelters built by the hoboes, set fire to a collection of rubbish, and saw the hoboes on the march, their worldly possessions on their shoulders, before leaving.

Hobo Camp on Sausel Creek is Broken Up

A "hobo camp," which had been established on Sausel creek, in the rear of 1448 Twenty-ninth avenue, was broken up today by police on complaint of residents of the neighborhood.

Patrolmen E. H. McConnell and R. G. Pierce, who ordered the men to disperse, said that there were 17 in the party.

The new "jungle" was only a short distance from East Fourteenth street.

Hoboes Turn Back at News Of Oakland's 'Chain Gang'

TRIB D OCT 20 1931

Eleven hoboes pointed their toes north from Berkeley and Albany today after learning that a trek south to Oakland might mean "enlistment" in the chain gang being organized by police here.

The itinerants were seized in the "jungles" on the Berkeley-Albany city line, fingerprinted at the Berkeley city hall, and warned to leave.

"Bound south?" one officer asked a particularly seedy fellow as he picked up his pack and moved away.

The man nodded in affirmation, as a stooped companion prodded him and tapped a newspaper in his pocket.

"That paper says the chief in Oakland is doing some Dollar Day bargain hunting tomorrow," the stooped wanderer said. "He's not buying for himself particularly — but he's going to outfit panhandlers with work clothes and put them in a chain gang. We're going north."

Meanwhile Oakland police scanned the newspapers today

peering at the most attractive bargain to be offered at tomorrow's Dollar Day sales events.

To rid the city's streets of professional beggars, Chief of Police James T. Drew, with the sanction of City Manager Ossian E. Carr, intends to purchase work shoes, overalls and other apparel before sending the chain gang on its first assignment Thursday morning. The initial job will be to clean up hobo jungle at the "mouth" Lake Merritt near Seventh street.

Hoboes and Vagrants to Do Jobs Cleaning Up 'Jungles'

TRIB C OCT 17 1931

Under police supervision, hoboes, beggars and "panhandlers" will begin next Monday to level and beautify the "hobo jungle" east of Fallon and south of Seventh streets.

This was announced today by City Manager Ossian E. Carr, who made an inspection of the "jungle" yesterday with Chief of Police James T. Drew, and observed the structures of sheet iron and old stoves erected by the hoboes.

Carr declared that the city will make a strong attempt to get rid of itinerant visitors by the introduction of a program of hard labor instead of mere free lodging at the city jail. He said that the machinery for putting the scheme into operation is practically completed.

"While facing an unemployment problem like all cities, Oakland

should not be perplexed with the problem of the professionally unemployed," said Carr. "Police Judge Howard L. Bacon has consented to sentence these vagrants to hard labor, and I am hoping that Judge Edward Tyrrell will do the same. The first job will be the elimination of the hobo jungle.

"The hoboes who are sentenced to the labor gang will be taken from the city jail to the old baggage dump where the hobo jungle will be destroyed. The prisoners will be instructed as to the proper way of escaping. Escaping is a felony. A detail of policemen will guard them, however, and I hope that the sight of the labor gang from passing trains will discourage other wanderers from settling down in Oakland during the winter."